

Day and Night.

The innocent, sweet Day is dead,
Dark Night hath slain her in her bed.
O Moors are as fierce to kill as to wed;
—Put out the light, said he.

A sweeter light than ever rayed
From star of heaven or eye of maid
Has vanished in the unknown shade,
—She's dead, she's dead, said he.

Now, in a wild, sad after-mood
The tawny Night sits still to brood
Upon the dawn-time when he wooed
—I would she lived, said he.

Star memories of happier times,
Of loving deeds and lovers' rhymes
Throng forth in silvery pantomimes,
—Come back, O Day! said he.
—Sidney Lanier.

A DISASTER AT SEA

By LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Publishing Company.

"I speak ze Engleesh vera bad.
Mes itt not so?"

"It is a very difficult language," she responded.

"So, so. Itt ees like ze sea zat goes dis way and zat, yut-yut you calls itt?"

"Choppy," she replied.

"St, st, zat is what you calls my Engleesh—choppy."

"You are mistaken. I called it something of the kind. You asked me about the sea. I said nothing about your use of the language. Of course, it is very difficult for one to take up a new speech. You do quite well."

For this he was grateful, and he was framing his thankfulness when a large, buoyant man of aggressive healthfulness approached. The sea had no terrors for him. He trod the deck like one born to command, not afraid of storm either on land or elsewhere. He had one of those large framed and hopeful personalities which belong to the successful American character, and he looked as if he could buy the ship without severely intrenching upon his fortune. He bowed in a familiar yet business-like manner and said something to the young lady. She excused herself and made toward the cabin door. The foreigner and the American stood in talk for a few moments and then parted, as the American frankly did not like to exhaust his patience upon the stumbling sentences of the polite and very deferential European.

That night in the smoking room the American, Mr. John Henry Martindale, had made himself more popular than usual by his good stories and liberality. Count Fricadelli was consuming cigarettes on a neighboring sofa. Precisely at ten-thirty, as was his custom, Mr. Martindale arose. Looked at his watch to see if the ship's clock was attending strictly to its duty, and bade a cheery good night to every one, and then quiet settled for a moment upon the room. There was the swish of the waves without, and there was the toll of the boat, but all else seemed strangely silenced as if a little storm had passed in eventide and the twilight had settled down. But it did not last for long.

"Martindale is a regular old brick," suddenly exclaimed a man whose voice filled the entire apartment. "He is a true American, and while people say that he is lucky, I am sure he deserves everything he has got. Certainly there is nobody who enjoys life more, or who can tackle a situation with better humor or bigger nerve. I was in Carpiolis when he had the street railway light. It was when the lines were being changed from the old horse cars to the trolley system, and he wanted new franchises. The Aldermen or the City Councilmen, or whatever you call them, all expressed their willingness to do whatever the old man wanted them to do. He refused to pay a red cent and put his refusal upon the score of public improvement and enterprise. Well, their favor was rather suspicious."



"Choppy," she replied.

"ous, but at the same time it seemed genuine. They actually voted just what the old man wanted, and then after everything was fixed and the houses thought they had the situation in their hands they met and rescinded their action, and on top of all the houses and the crowd said they could not deliver the goods and old Martindale cleaned up a cool million and busted the whole gang. Then he got what he wanted after all. The deals in that city must have netted him from one to two millions. Then he came back to the stock, short. He took up two other lines and began his manipulations. They were perfectly

confident he would not try the same trick three times running, but they did not know their man. He succeeded the third time, and then on the fourth affair when they tried to outdo him in another city he took the other track and made more than in any other deal he had attempted. He is worth ten millions."

"Who will get all that money?" inquired a young person, who should have been in bed.

"His nieces, I suppose," was the reply. "He has no children, you know, and his wife, who is with him, has



"With Mr. Martindale, my uncle!"

been ill ever since we left Southampton."

Ten millions! Count Fricadelli could scarcely believe his ears. It means wealth beyond anything his imagination could comprehend. Ten millions! Two hundred million francs! It was grand. It was magnificent!

On the next morning when he saw the same young lady again pacing up and down the deck, he put all his energy into the English he could summon, and with profuse apologies made comments upon the sea, the earth, the sky, and all that therein is. She was pleasant, and he was enthusiastic, and when the buoyant Mr. Martindale came out again to say something to her, and after she had disappeared, the Count let his enthusiasm bubble forth in many earnest but somewhat broken syllables.

"Mees Wiltson, she is so charming."

"She is a very pleasant young lady," replied Mr. Martindale, and then he walked down the deck with a broad grin on his face. After that he called her "Mees Wiltson."

The Count was very attentive, very persistent, very gallant, and every time Miss Wilson appeared on deck in some mysterious manner he managed to be near to offer every attention that gallantry could suggest, that invention could find. He was undoubtedly handsome and his English improved with the voyage. It was as if the shaking up had rubbed the roughest edges off his syllables. When Miss Wilson was not about he cultivated Mr. Martindale and the burly millionaire enjoyed the attention.

Finally, one day, in a great burst of confession and confidence the Count said, "Meester Martindale, I would be so glad to pay my attentions to your niece."

"Why, certainly. Go ahead," exclaimed Mr. Martindale with a laugh that was on the point of an explosion that might have shaken the ship if it had found its full vent.

And so it went on, and the climax came a lovely morning when the great vessel passed Fire Island on her homeward stretch through the gateway of the new world.

The young lady with the flush of health deep in her cheeks, her eyes as clear as the blue of the skies, and her whole being a personification of vigor and beautiful happiness, was standing in a corner by herself when the Count approached and told her that he had found that for which he had searched the earth in vain—the object of his love—the most adorable woman, whom he loved with an unselfishness that no language could express.

While he was speaking she was gazing toward the horizon, and there was upon her face a half smile like the play of sunlight upon the face of a goddess. Finally he exclaimed, "I have your permission of Mr. Martindale, your uncle, to speak with you."

"With Mr. Martindale, my uncle!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Mees," he replied, "wiz him;

he knows of it. You may ask him, he will comprehend."

She said nothing, but seeing the round form of the millionaire coming down the deck advanced to meet him, and without a word came back with him to where the Count was standing.

"Mr. Martindale," she said, very soberly, "I understand Count Fricadelli to say that you are my uncle, and that you have given him permission to speak to me upon a somewhat personal subject."

Mr. Martindale smiled broadly and replied, "The Count must be mistaken. I have never claimed to be your uncle, although I should be very proud if I were."

The Count was becoming strangely agitated, but he said, "Meester Martindale, you said I might pay my attentions to your niece."

"Well, Count, I have not the slightest objection to that, but it happens that the only niece I have lives in Dakota and has the finest family that any man ever saw."

"Then Mees Wiltson," mumbled the poor man on the verge of collapse.

"Mees Wiltson," said Mr. Martindale, taking the words from him, "is a most delightful and a most capable professional nurse who has been most attentive to my wife during our little trip to Europe, and she is a lady whom I can cordially recommend to any one needing her services."

It would be hard to follow the rest of this disaster, but "Mees Wiltson" and Mr. Martindale were laughing after the Count had found solitude in the stateroom, from which he did not emerge until the stewards were almost obliged to put him off the ship.

WHY HE QUIT PLAYING POKER.

Lesson Which an Old Gambler Taught Novice at the Game.

An old man sat at a late breakfast in a hotel cafe last Saturday, when a young man with haggard face and downcast eyes took a place near him.

"Tom," said the newcomer to the attendant, "I must go light, for I played in hard luck last night."

The old man had finished and sat studying the other's face as he ate. Shortly he took a roll of bills from his pocket and laid it in front of him.

"It's yours," he said.

Mechanically and with a trembling hand the young man took the money.

"You were in the game?" he said.

"Yes, and that is your money, about \$300. Quit playing poker. I began it

sixty years ago on the Mississippi river and have made a living out of such fools as you. With my coolness it's robbery to play against your recklessness. I see desperation in your face. I am told that you are a teller

in a bank, and that you have a wife, to whom you will be about your absence from home last night. Quit poker."

He walked out, and the young man, lowering his head to his folded arms, did not move until the attendant aroused him.—New York Times.

The Bismillah Ceremony.

A little Moslem when she is four years old months old goes through the "Name-of-God," or Bismillah, ceremony—which begins her real life. She is dressed in cloth-of-gold, with a veil and wreath of flowers; and friends are invited to salute the little queen. She sits on a gold cushion, which must be borrowed if she hasn't one, and all the rest sit on the floor. Then an old mullah recites very slowly a certain verse from the Koran, which is also written in saffron on a silver plate

Bibi holds in her hand. She runs her fingers over the words, and stammers them after him. "Say it not, Bibi; be a good girl, then you shall see your presents." Soon they all cry, "Shabash! Shabash! Wah! Wah!" and the ceremony of the little girl's first lesson in reading, writing and religion is over. She salaams mamma, then shows her presents to her sahells (girl friends).—Edmund Russell, in Everybody's Magazine.

He Knew.

There was a visitor at the school and the children were being given an opportunity to show off. The visitor's thoughts evidently ran in a religious turn, for he questioned the children first upon their knowledge of the Bible.

"And where was the infant Jesus born?" he asked, and a chorus of voices answered immediately: "In a manger."

"And why was he born in a manger?" was the next query.

There was a moment's silence, and then a little Scotch boy in the back seat piped up shrilly: "Because his mother was there."—The Globe.

Paper Gloves and Stockings.

Paper gloves and stockings are now being manufactured in Europe. The stockings have been carefully examined by experts, and they are loud in their praise of them. Let no one assume, they say, that these stockings, because they are made of paper, will only last a few days, for they will last almost as long as ordinary stockings.

The reason is because the paper of which they are made was, during the process of manufacture, rendered into a substance closely resembling wool, and was then woven and treated as ordinary wool.

"The Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet."

Upon the sadness of the sea,
The sunset broods restlessly,
From the far lonely spaces glow
Withdrawn the wistful after glow.

So out of life the splendor dies,
So darken all the happy skies,
So gathers twilight, cold and stern,
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the East another day,
Small chase the bitter dawn away,
What though our eyes with tears be wet,
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light, and hope and joy once more,
Sad soul take comfort: "For forget
That sunrise never failed us yet."
—Celia Thaxter.

REACH THE SPOT.



Doan's Kidney Pills for Any Aching Back.

To cure an aching back,
The pains of rheumatism,
The tired out feelings,
You must reach the spot—get to the cause.

In most cases the kidneys are the cause. Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys.

Chas. Bierbach, stone contractor, living at 207 Chestnut St., Pa., says: "For two years I had kidney trouble and there was such a severe pain through my loins and limbs that I could not stoop or straighten up without great pain, and difficulty in getting about and was unable to rest at night, arising in the morning tired and worn out. The kidney secretions were irregular and deposited a heavy sediment. Doctors treated me for rheumatism, but failed to help me. I lost all confidence in medicine and began to feel as if life were not worth living. Doan's Kidney Pills, however, relieved me so quickly, and so thoroughly that I gladly made a statement to that effect for publication. This was in 1898, and during the six years which have elapsed I have never known Doan's Kidney Pills to fail. They cured my wife of a severe case of backache in the same thorough manner."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Bierbach will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

DIRE POVERTY IN RUSSIA.

Economic Conditions Are Frightful in the Extreme.

The bad economic conditions of the Russian peasantry may be shown by the statistics of farm animals. The Russian novelist, Uspenski, once wrote a story of peasant life, which he called "A Quarter of a Horse," and which was intended to set forth, in the guise of fiction, the social and economic status of an agricultural population that had only one horse to every four families. Statistics compiled by the zemstvos of the central provinces show that, even before the agricultural crisis became as acute as it is now 20 to 30 per cent of the peasant farmers in the formerly rich provinces of Chernigov, Voronezh, Poltava, Saratof, Kursk and Tambof did not have even a single horse, while nearly one-third of the entire population of Voronezh had neither horse nor cow. In the province of Riazan 32,000 peasant proprietors out of 80,000 had no horse and 21,000 had neither horse nor cow.

Sudden Awakening Harmful.

To be suddenly awakened from sound sleep sends a great rush of blood to the heart, thus overtaxing and straining it. People whose business necessitates their being awakened early have long suspected the practice of being an evil one and have tried to rid themselves of it. But heretofore they have had no better reason for wishing to continue to lie in bed than that they found it inconvenient or unpleasant to rise early. Evidently they have right on their side. It is bad for the heart.

Reward in Passes.

The Southern railway proposes to furnish to engineers and conductors annual passes of the road on the basis of service. Those who have been five years in the service are to be given annuals, good over the division on which they are employed; those having ten years to their credit are to receive annuals good over the entire line, and the wives of those who have served fifteen years will be included in the privilege.

EMPTY NOW.

How One Woman Quit Medicine.

"While a coffee user my stomach troubled me for years," says a lady of Columbus, O., "and I had to take medicine all the time. I had what I thought was the best stomach medicine I could get, had to keep getting it filled all the time at 40 cents a bottle. I did not know what the cause of my trouble was but just dragged along from day to day, suffering and taking medicine all the time."

"About six months ago I quit tea and coffee and began drinking Postum and I have not had my prescription filled since, which is a great surprise to me for it proves that coffee was the cause of all my trouble although I never suspected it."

"When my friends ask me how I feel since I have been taking Postum I say, 'To tell the truth I don't feel at all only that I get hungry and eat everything I want and lots of it and it never hurts me and I am happy and well and contented all the time.'"

"I could not get my family to drink Postum for a while until I mixed it in a little coffee and kept on reducing the amount of coffee until I got it all Postum. Now they all like it and they never belch it up like coffee."

"We all know that Postum is a sunshine maker. I find it helps one greatly for we do not have to think of aches and pains all the time and can use our minds for other things." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The one who has to bother with coffee aches and pains is badly handicapped in the race for fame and fortune. Postum is a wonderful re-builder. There's a reason.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Well-ville."

OLD TIME SPORT REVIVED.

Falconry Practiced in Scotland Within Recent Years.

Hunting with falcons was revived in Scotland some years ago by Sir Henry Bethune. A writer on field sports says: "The falconers had an old setter dog which hunted till he found a covey of partridges. The falconers then threw off a hawk, which rose the circles till very high, then hovered above the dog. The dog looked up to see if the hawk was ready, and then ran in and roused the birds. Swoop went the hawk. If he missed, the birds generally went into a hedge and the hawk soared again and hovered over the birds. The old dog then went off after them and got another point. If the hawk killed its bird the falconer went gently to it and picked it up. If not he had to fetch the bird with the lure, a dummy bird with a bit of pigeon on it. He called the hawk 'Killy, killy, Volrook,' a sort of view halloo, and hurried the lure in the air. The hawk stooped to it and began to eat the pigeon, and he then succeeded in picking it up."

The Orange Tree.

The orange tree is regarded as a prince among trees and the emblem of genius. A peculiarity of this tree is that it bears fruit and flower at the same time; its leaves are evergreen and as it grows older it grows in beauty and fruitfulness, its blossom filling the air with its fragrance. It is indeed a fit emblem of marriage promise and hopes. The orange tree is considered typical of love, because, though its fruit is golden and its flavor and scent delicious, its rind is bitter. And as every one knows who has experienced it Cupid's dart causes pain. The orange tree is emblematic of gratitude as well as of genius and love.

Alcohol in Ancient Times.

Considering the possible influence of alcohol upon human evolution, Dr. Harry Campbell assumes that such civilizations as those of Babylon and Egypt may date back 30,000 years and that agriculture by migratory tribes may extend back 30,000 years more, but concludes that the use of alcohol as a beverage has not been known more than 10,000 years. He finds no reason to believe that, as was suggested some years ago, the discovery of fermented liquor gave the first civilizing quickening to the brain of the ape-man.

In the Spring.

Lowndes, A.O., April 14th.—Mrs. H. C. Harty of this place, says:

"For years I was in very bad health. Every spring I would get so low that I was unable to do my own work. I seemed to be worse in the spring than any other time of the year. I was very weak and miserable and had much pain in my back and head. I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised last spring and began treatment of them and they have certainly done me more good than anything I have ever used."

"I was all right last spring and felt better than I have for over ten years. I am fifty years of age and am stronger to-day than I have been for many years and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills credit for the wonderful improvement."

The statement of Mrs. Harty is only one of a great many where Dodd's Kidney Pills have proven themselves to be the very best spring medicine. They are unsurpassed as a tonic and are the only medicine used in thousands of families.

Italy's Macaroni Industry.

Italy has some 5,500 macaroni factories employing nearly 25,000. A number of these factories are large, using improved machinery and steam power. The total annual output of macaroni exceeds 215,000 tons. It is a growing industry. The local consumption, as well as the exports, increase steadily. The exports of macaroni in 1889 were 7,719 tons; in 1900, 8,898 tons; in 1901, 9,673 tons; in 1902, 11,322 tons; and in 1903 (eight months), 13,126 tons. Nearly 90 per cent of the above exports went to the United States.

650 ST. LOUIS TO CALIFORNIA 630

via

THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

These tickets will be on sale daily during March and April, when Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars will be operated daily between St. Louis, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Particulars from any agent of the company. H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. Agent, St. Louis.

Wealth in Yucatan.

Yucatan has a population of 2,500,000, and owing to the fact that it is the home of the henequen, the agave, which furnishes the finest fiber, the Yucatecos have more money per capita than any other people in the world.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores. 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Figures may not lie, but estimates are often misleading.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 50c package, 5 cents.

They who turn their backs on the false face the true.

Fruit acids will not stain goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Children are what the mothers are.—Landon.

I do not believe in Pilo's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOWEN, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 5, 1904.

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom.—Bovee.

FARM LANDS!

If you are looking for a home or an investment, do not forget that the best farm and timber lands in the Northwest are along the line of the Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R., where crop failures are unknown. Good soil, good climate, good people there. Farm values are rising rapidly and the time to buy is now.

Low excursion rates from points on the Iowa Central and Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroads, if you wish to investigate. For particulars address

A. B. CUTTS,
G.P.A., In. Cent. and M. & St. L. R. R.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Austrian Marriage Laws.

The Austrian marriage laws are very severe. They prohibit marriages between Christians and Jews and between Christians and Infidels. A marriage between a Protestant woman and a man who said he had no particular creed has just been annulled by the supreme court.

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. WALKER, KIRK & MARTIN, Solely for the United States.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It takes a genius to be a financier without being the possessor of any finances.

Teosinte and Billion Dollar Grass.

The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons hay and the other 80 tons green fodder per acre. Grows everywhere, so does Victoria Rape, yielding 60,000 lbs. sheep and swine food per acre.

JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS TO THE John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples. (W. N. U.)

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Good order is the foundation of all good things.—Burke.

BABY HUMORS

Milk Crust

Scalled Head

and Eczema

Instantly Relieved & Speedily

Cured by Baths with

Cuticura SOAP

And gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT, purest and sweetest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. It means instant relief and refreshing sleep for tortured, disfigured, itching, and burning babies, and rest for tired, fretted mothers, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Remedies, 56c. (In form of Chocolate Coated Tablets, 25c. per box of 25.)

Continued. 25c. Soap, 25c. Tablets, 25c. Cuticura Remedies, 56c. (In form of Chocolate Coated Tablets, 25c. per box of 25.)

Write for free booklet, "How to Cure Your Baby's Skin." Address, Dr. Ansell & Co., Waverly, N. Y.

62nd Send for "How to Cure Every Humour."

Asthma Can Be Cured!

Dr. Ansell's New Remedy Cures it to "stay cured!" relieves in 3 days, cures in 2 to 6 weeks. One month's treatment \$6.00, and written guarantee to cure or money refunded. Write today for free booklet, "Asthma Cured." Address, Dr. Ansell & Co., Waverly, N. Y.

Cement Fence Posts

When as cedar. Made where to pay. Great inducements to agents to work territory. For terms, etc., address with stamp G. M. PATTERSON, 34 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

Illustrated with Thompson's Eye Water

62nd Send for "How to Cure Every Humour."